

Elvis Vs Michael Myers

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Summary: It's Halloween and only the king of Rock 'N Roll can defeat the prince of evil himself, Michael Myers. Contains violence, language, and strong adult content.

1. Chapter 1

Elvis Vs. Michael Myers

written

by

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Based on characters created by John Carpenter & Debra Hill.

Chapter 1: The King Will Rise Again

It was October 30th, 2011. It was a foggy night in Memphis, Tennessee. Priscilla Presley, Elvis Presley's widow, arrived at the Meditation Garden where Elvis was buried. She was carrying a bottle of Zombie Liquid in her left hand when she emerged from her car, and a flashlight in her right hand.

Priscilla stumbled around the graveyard looking for Elvis' grave. When she found it, she grabbed a shovel and started digging. When she saw Elvis' casket she pried it open with the shovel. Elvis' skeletal remains were inside the casket.

"You haven't aged well, Darling. Maybe some of this will help your looks," Priscilla said, opening the bottle of Zombie Liquid.

Priscilla poured all of the Zombie Liquid on Elvis's corpse. She began smiling with glee as Elvis started to reanimate. His bones began to shake and the bones started growing skin and hair. Finally,

the reanimation was complete and Elvis was alive again.

Elvis sat up and looked around. His eyes then locked with Priscilla's. And he grinned at her mischeviously.

"Hello, baby. Come and give me some sugar!" Elvis said, cackling.

Priscilla stooped down and gave Elvis kiss on the lips. She then whimpered as Elvis started shoving his tongue in her mouth and kissing her hard. She pushed him away.

"Sorry, baby. It's been a long time since I played tonsil hockey," Elvis said.

"It's okay, I guess," Priscilla said.

"Now, will you help me get out of this thing. It smells like something died in here," Elvis said grumpily.

"Sure thing," Priscilla said, reaching down and giving Elvis a hand.

Elvis climbed out of the casket with Priscilla's help. He then looked around.

"So this is where my ass was buried," Elvis stated.

"Yes. Isn't it lovely?" Priscilla asked.

"It sure is, but not as lovely as you. So how about we buttfuck in the cemetery. It's been a long time since I've had a piece of ass," Elvis said, licking his lips.

"That is not why I am here, Elvis darling. I brought you to life because you are the only one who can defeat him," Priscilla said.

"Defeat who?" Elvis asked.

"Michael Myers," Priscilla said.

"Michael Myers? Wasn't he in Austin Powers?" Elvis asked.

"How do you know about Austin Powers? You were dead when that movie came out," Priscilla said, raising her voice.

"Oh, we have cable in Heaven," Elvis said.

"Oh, that's cool," Priscilla said.

"Not really. They're always showing Jersey Shore and Keeping Up With The Kardashians and horseshit like that. Would it hurt them to show Mama's Family every once in a while?" Elvis asked.

"Never mind that. You have to go to Haddonfield, Illinois and kill a serial killer named Michael Myers. Only the king of Rock 'N Roll can defeat the prince of evil," Priscilla said.

"Oh, hell. What the sam hell do I know about defeating serial

killers? I'm just a Rock 'N Roll singer, for crying out loud," Elvis said.

"I know, but Dr. Sam Loomis in Haddonfield believes that only you can defeat this Michael Myers. And if you can defeat him, then the town of Haddonfield, Illinois can finally be safe," Priscilla said.

"Oh, what the hell do I want to go to Illinois for?" Elvis asked.

"Just go," Priscilla said, losing her patience.

"Oh, all right. But I've gotta take a shit first," Elvis said.

"Isn't that what killed you in the first place?" Priscilla asked, laughing.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: Dr. Loomis' Book Deal

It was the day of Halloween, and Dr. Sam Loomis and his assistant Martina Slutbags were having lunch at a Cafe' called "Eat Here and Get The Shits", when his cell phone started ringing. The ringtone on his phone was "Baby Got Back" by Sir Mix-A-Lot. Several people in the Cafe' glanced over disapprovingly as the doctor answered his phone.

"Dr. Sam Loomis speaking. Who the fuck is this?" Sam said bluntly.

"This is Priscilla Presley," the female voice on the other line said.

"Oh, Priscilla you twat. How the fuck are you?" Sam asked, smiling.

"I'm fine. I did what you told me to do. I brought Elvis back from the dead," Priscilla said.

"Oh, that's just fucking wonderful. Now the town of Haddonfield can finally be safe," Sam said, taking a sip of water.

"I still don't understand how you think Elvis can stop a serial killer, Doctor," Priscilla said.

"Well, of course you don't understand. That's because you're a stupid cunt. Listen, Elvis is now a fucking zombie. He's unstoppable, even against a serial madman. Michael Myers would be no match for a zombie. Now, do you get it or do I have to buy you Special Ed classes?" Dr. Loomis asked angrily, almost shouting into the phone.

"Yeah, yeah. I get it. You don't have to be bitchy," Priscilla said.

"I'm British. Bitchiness comes with the territory, my dear," Dr. Loomis said.

"Well, I've gotta go. Paranormal Activity is fixing to come on," Priscilla said impatiently.

"Oh, I hated that bloody movie. Not one single person got decapitated in the whole bloody thing," Dr. Loomis said.

"Bye, Doctor," Priscilla said.

"Goodbye, you crazy bitch," Dr. Loomis said, turning off his phone.

"Who was that on the phone?" Martina asked, chewing with her mouth open.

"It was Priscilla fucking Presley. And don't eat with your bloody mouth wide open, you hag," Dr. Loomis said, looking away in disgust.

"Why was Priscilla Presley calling you?" Martina asked.

"Why the fuck not? I am a celebrity now. It just so happens that I have a book deal, and I just got the inspiration for my book. Elvis Presley is alive," Dr. Loomis said giddily.

"What?" Martina asked, obviously confused.

"Elvis Presley is alive. And he is about to meet Michael Myers. And there is my book. Elvis vs. Michael Myers. It will make me millions," Dr. Loomis said.

"But how is Elvis alive? I thought he died over thirty years ago while sitting on the crapper," Martina said, taking a bit bite out of her burrito.

"He did, you fucking retard. But now he's back. And I'm rich. Dirty, stinking rich. Oh, I can finally wipe my ass with twenty dollar bills instead of cheap toilet paper. I always get shit on my fingers that way," Dr. Loomis said.

"Gross, Doctor," Martina said.

"Oh, shut up and finish your food. I have to get over to Haddonfield and wait for Elvis' arrival. Trick or treat," Dr. Loomis said, cackling.

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3: Michael Awakens From His Slumber

Michael was lying in his tattered bed in his bedroom. The room was littered with dust, dead bugs, and cobwebs. A half-eaten rat was in the bed with Michael.

Out of nowhere, Michael's mother, Deborah, appeared. She stood over Michael, her long blonde hair blowing. She was wearing a white, see-through gown. Her big breasts were evident.

"It's time, Michael. It's time for you to awaken from your slumber.

Today is your special, special day. You've waited a whole year for this day," Deborah said, looking down at Michael as he slept.

Michael began to twitch. He then sat up and looked at his mother. He was wearing his trademark white mask.

"That's my boy. It's time for you to do what you do best. You need to spill blood. Because spilling blood is in your blood. Oh, and there is so much blood to spill. There are so many people out there, Michael. So many who have forgotten about you. You need to give them something to remember you by. You must kill, Michael. You must kill and kill again," Deborah said.

Deborah removed her gown, her melon-sized breasts showing. She began fondling her breasts, while smiling.

"You remember these breasts, Michael? You remember these titties? You used to suck these titties dry. You want to touch them?" Deborah asked, beckoning Michael to come to her.

Michael got up from his bed, and stood right in front of his mother. He reached out and began touching her breasts, groping them. He accidentally pinched her right breast, causing Deborah to flinch.

"Ouch. Not too rough. Oh, but I forget. You like the rough stuff. You like to make women hurt. To make women bleed. But I'm your mother. And you will obey me. You need to kill today, Michael. There are no fucking ifs, ands, or buts about it. And you must bring her to us. Do you know who I'm talking about?" Deborah asked, raising her voice.

Michael nodded. He then turned around and walked over to a dresser in his room. He open one of the drawers and removed a large butcher knife. He then returned to stand in front of his mother.

"That's right, my darling boy. You know what to do with that knife. You need to slice up some bastards with that thing. Don't let Haddonfield forget who you are. I want you to bring her here, so that we can be together. Can you do that for me, Michael?" Deborah asked, brushing her hand against Michael's cheek.

Michael nodded. Both he and Deborah then turned as a rock flew through Michael's bedroom window.

"Looks like we've got company," Deborah said, her eyes full of mischief.

Outside the Myers house, Cody Nutsack and Christopher Anus were throwing rocks at Michael's window. Cody had short black hair and was 19 years old. Christopher had wavy brown hair and was 18 years old. Both were thin, good-looking guys.

"Hey, Michael. Where the fuck are you? Why don't you come out here and show us what you're fucking made of?" Cody shouted.

"Yeah, you pussy. Come out here and fuck us up," Christopher said, both he and Cody laughing.

"Damn, I've gotta take a shit," Cody said.

"What? Now?" Christopher asked, squinting.

"Yeah, dude. I feel like I'm gonna shit my fucking pants," Cody said, putting his hand to his ass.

"Why don't you take a shit on Michael's front porch? I'm sure Michael won't mind," Christopher said, snickering.

"Yeah, you're probably right. He might actually like it. You want me to shit on your porch where you eat it, Michael?" Cody shouted.

Cody and Christopher walked up to Michael's front porch. Cody pulled down his pants and his underwear, and squatted down.

"This is gonna be a big one. I can feel it," Cody said, grunting.

Christopher watched as Cody tried to push one out. Christopher could see Cody's uncircumcised dick hanging between his legs. Chris started licking his lips.

"Man, you've got a big fucking dick," Christopher said, starting to play with himself under his jeans.

"Thanks, dude. You want to suck it after I'm done taking this shit?" Cody asked.

"Yeah. Sure, man," Christopher said.

"I'm almost done. Man, I've already pushed out three turds," Cody said.

"That's gross, man. But it's kind of hot, too," Christopher said.

"Okay. I'm done," Cody said, standing up and pulling up his underwear and pants.

Christopher looked down and saw the mess that Cody had made on the porch. He shook his head in disbelief.

"Damn. That's a lot of fucking shit. Mikey's gonna be pissed," Christopher said, laughing.

"Man, fuck that psycho. Michael can eat my nasty shit," Cody said.

Both Cody and Christopher stopped dead in their tracks when they heard a noise coming from inside the Myers house. It sounded like something fell and broke.

"Dude, what the fuck was that?" Cody asked, trying to catch his breath.

"I don't know. Why don't we go in and check it out?" Christopher asked.

"Okay, but if we end up dead, I'm gonna be kill you," Cody

said.

"How would you kill me if we're already fucking dead?" Christopher asked.

"Good point. Let's go in," Cody said.

Christopher walked over to the front door, Cody trailing behind him. Christopher turned the doorknob and pushed. The door creaked open on rusty hinges.

"I can't fucking believe it. The fucking door wasn't even locked," Christopher said.

"Let's stop beating around the bush and go in. The suspense is killing me," Cody said impatiently.

"Allright, allright. Don't get your shit-stained underwear in a wad," Christopher said.

Christopher and Cody entered the house. They were in the living room, or what was left of it. There was a dirty sofa in the room, with most of its stuffing ripped out. And there was a broken TV and some dusty chairs in the room, as well.

"Damn. This place needs a maid, ASAP," Cody said.

"I don't think a maid could even salvage this hellhole," Christopher said, examining the room.

Cody gasped as he heard what sounded like footsteps coming from behind him. He turned around, and came face to face with Michael Myers. Michael was holding his knife, his head tilted to the side.

"Oh, fuck. Run!" Cody shouted at Christopher.

Both of them tried to run out the door, but the door slammed in their faces before they could. They turned around and saw Michael coming at them with the knife.

"Oh, shit," Christopher said, whimpering.

"I guess you're not gonna get to suck my big cock after all," Cody said.

"That's okay. I'll suck it in hell," Christopher said.

Michael stood in front of Christopher. He raised his knife and stabbed Christopher in the chest. Bright red blood poured from Christopher's chest and mouth. When Michael removed the knife from Christopher's chest, Christopher's limp body fell to the ground.

Cody screamed as he witnessed his friend die. He then looked up and saw Michael staring at him.

"Go on and kill me, you sick son of a bitch. Kill me where Chris and I can be in hell together and suck each other's dicks," Cody said, tears pouring down his face.

Michael brought his bloody knife up to Cody's neck, and slashed it. Cody brought his hand up to his bleeding neck. He then sputtered and fell to the floor, dead.

Michael stood over the two dead teenagers. He was admiring his handiwork. He then turned to his right, as his mother joined him. She looked down at the dead bodies. She then started smiling applauding.

"Bravo, Michael. Bravo. I see you haven't lost your taste for blood. Killing really is what you do best. Today you are going to paint this town red," Deborah said, right before vanishing before Michael's eyes.

End
file.